

The Brooklyn Jewish Center Review

June-July, 1953

JOURNEY INTO TRAGEDY

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Horrors Suffered by an Escaping Refugee

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BROOKLYN JEWISH CENTER REVIEW

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Anti-Israel Bias In The State Department

WE HAVE on previous occasions been compelled to comment on the existence and activities of a pro-Arab faction in the State Department. This group, apparently composed of permanent and career attaches—for their identity remains the same despite the changes in administration—has more than once exhibited a deep-rooted hostility towards political Zionism and, later, toward the State of Israel. In the practice of their point of view the members of the cabal have shown no scruple in the distortion of facts and even in the use of downright false assertion.

The latest example of this bias was manifested at a recent hearing before the House of Representatives' Foreign Affairs Committee, then considering the question of financial aid to Israel and the Arab states. The politico-economic advisor of the State Department's Near Eastern Division, Arthur Z. Gardiner, made a number of charges against Israel. These include the serious—and false—allegation that Israel is now occupying territory not granted it under the original partition plan which delimited the legal boundaries of the State. The plain intimation was made by this official that Israel had seized land allotted by the United Nations to the Arab states. Another phase of Mr. Gardiner's attack on Israel was the high praise which he accorded to the Jordan Arab Legion. He used these curious words: "The Arab Legion is a very stabilizing force in this area. Without that force I do not know what you would have." It is clear, however, that Mr. Gardiner intended to convey the thought that "you would have" disorder deliberately fomented by the Israeli government.

It would be unwise to minimize the detrimental effect of such declarations. They have obviously influenced the thinking of important members of Congress. One Representative said at the hearing that Congress had helped establish Israel "but we never voted to have the government and the people in the country that we recognized simply take somebody else's property." Another Representative—a lady—manifested a personal anti-

Semitism in the charge that the Israelis were not interested in farming, "they are interested in business." She referred to abandoned farms and said, "the orchards were good when the Arabs owned them."

Many curious things are said and done in the name of national defense. It is urgently necessary that the Administration be not blinded to the true facts in the Near East by either a theory of defense or the jaundiced attitudes of its prejudiced subordinates.

Israeli Schools and The Red Flag

ISRAEL has solved its latest cabinet crisis by deciding that government schools will not be allowed to fly the red flag of socialism or sing the labor anthem. This decision is a step in the right direction.

The trouble arose from a resolution adopted by Mapai that, at the request of a majority of the parents, government schools be allowed to fly the socialist flag and sing the labor anthem on May 1 and on the anniversary of the organization of the Histadrut. Prime Minister David Ben Gurion strenuously opposed the resolution at the party conference, but was outvoted. The General Zionists seized upon this party resolution as an excuse for leaving the coalition. The crisis was solved when Ben Gurion declared that the Mapai

resolution was not binding on the government. Only the Hatikvah and the blue and white flag of Israel would be recognized by public schools and by government institutions.

Ben Gurion is to be commended for his forthright solution of this knotty problem. Partisanship has been the curse of Israeli education. Political control of the schools has made the students the innocent victims of partisan propagandists. Israel, in building a unified school system, must throw off the shackles of partisanship. The introduction of the proposed Socialist flag or hymn would only lead to disunity. Israel is in need of national symbols that will unite the students in their common goal of building a prosperous nation. The blue and white flag carrying the traditional Mogen Dovid, originally adopted at the first World Zionist Congress in 1897, and the Hatikvah, are symbols of this new state in the process of creation. These symbols have been hallowed by a half century of struggle and of sacrifice and will unify divergent elements to strive for the common welfare.—MORDECAI H. LEWITTES.

According to our practice, the REVIEW will not be published during July and August and will resume with the September issue.

We wish all members of the Center and their families a pleasant and invigorating vacation.

The Editorial Board.

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"JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES"

"ביניו לבין עצמינו"

An Intimate Chat Between Rabbi and Reader

A GOOD SEASON'S END

WE COME to the end of a most active season in all the departments of our Brooklyn Jewish Center, and we close it in a more hopeful spirit than in many years past. As I write these lines there seems to be every hope that by the time this issue of the *Review* is off the press we will be rejoicing at the news that the Armistice has been signed. It may be followed by a conference of the leading powers which all of us hope and pray will result in establishing an era of peace for all mankind. The Korean war appeared to be endless; no one appeared to know how to end it. Its termination, however, is very imminent and I pray that a truce in Korea will be soon established and that at least a gleam of hope has come to our hearts.

We Jews are now in a more optimistic mood when we think of the State of Israel. The recent visit of Secretary of State Dulles to Israel must have impressed him greatly with the proof that in Israel America has a strong ally upon whom all the forces of democracy may rely. President Eisenhower too has made it quite clear that he will not change the former policy of our government towards Israel. That indeed gives us great hope and encouragement. With all the difficulties that the State of Israel encounters we do see progress being made; it may take a number of years before we see economic stabilization is brought about, but in the past year great economic improvement was achieved.

Giving thought to Jewish life in America we also see hopeful signs. The Jews of America are at last beginning to realize the great need for cultural and spiritual work. The vast majority is beginning to understand that fighting anti-Semitism alone will not assure the future of a Jewish dynamic and vibrant life in this country. New synagogues and centers are being erected in every community; there is a great demand

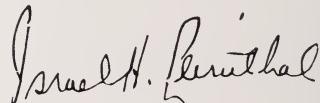
throughout the land for rabbis, for the spiritual leaders to guide the people. Our cultural institutions are showing progress because they are at last successful in enlisting the support of the average Jew in this country. Again I say we face the coming year with new hope and with a spirit of genuine optimism.

Our own institution, the Brooklyn Jewish Center, concludes the season in a very hopeful spirit. It is the tendency in most institutions for its members to lose interest after a few decades of existence. The Center is now completing its 34th year, and yet this year has witnessed a resurgence of interest and dedicated service on the part of great numbers of our members such as we have not seen for several years past. It seems that all of our members are awakening to the importance of such an institution in the

life of our community. All our departments have been working at top speed; our schools have now the largest registration in our history; our synagogue continues to attract congregations that fill our beautiful edifice. All in all, there is a genuine interest in learning more about our faith and our people.

It is good to see this hopeful spirit which has taken hold of all of us. I am confident that when we come back from our vacations, Pray God, in the fall, we will return with the determination to transform this hope into reality, this new enthusiasm into real accomplishments that will bring many blessings to our people and to our faith.

It is my fervent hope and prayer that all of us may spend an enjoyable and healthful summer and gain renewed vigor and strength to work with ever increasing zeal to make the Brooklyn Jewish Center a beacon of light to all American Jewry.



American-Israel Chamber of Commerce Formed

THE establishment of an American-Israel Chamber of Commerce and Industry was announced in New York by Nathan Strauss III, who was elected first president of the new American-Israel organization.

Mr. Strauss revealed that the American-Israel Chamber of Commerce and Industry was sponsored by The Manufacturers' Association, Chamber of Commerce and The Farmers Federation of Israel, which, together with American leading business concerns, formed the Chamber as an American membership association incorporated under the laws of the State of New York.

"The Chamber," Mr. Strauss said, "was established to meet a long-felt need for a non-governmental and responsible body to bring in direct contact businessmen of both countries—for trade promotion purposes, provision of up-to-date information and accurate data, market research, arbitration, and other accepted functions of a foreign Chamber of Commerce."

Mr. Strauss pointed out that actual trading activities between the U. S. and Israel have already passed the \$100 million mark annually, and that over one thousand American firms are doing business—"and good business"—with Israel. He emphasized that the Chamber has been assured full assistance by the U. S. Department of Commerce.

"We have full confidence in Israel's economy and its progressive development," Mr. Strauss said. "It is our purpose to ensure that the United States keep its lead in the Israel market and in the business activity that will be forthcoming in view of Israel's rapid economic development and growing population. At the same time, we shall do our utmost to increase Israel's exports to this country."

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IN THE beginning of 1942 the officers in command of the barracks sent us to work on an airport. It was very cold. We had to get up very early to leave at 5 a.m. and walk 10 kilometres (about 6 miles) to the airport in order to begin work at 8 a.m.

On our first day at the airport we saw about 100 Rumanian Jews who worked there. Our easiest tasks were to carry heavy sacks with cement and the unloading of aeroplanes. These were seaplanes that the Rumanian officers used to fly in from Odessa. Almost constantly there were air-raid alarms, but we were not allowed to go into the shelters. On the contrary we were warned that "if anything should happen to the airport during a raid you will have to pay for it!"

Two months passed, then the mayor of Constanza requisitioned us for work on the old Jewish cemetery which was to be built on. We had to remove the marble stones which the mayor used for personal purposes, and dig out the dead and bury them in another cemetery.

For three months we were employed here. The continuous hard labor weakened us. Our only relief was when we returned at night to our primitive quarters to be with our wives and families. After the supper meal we spoke of little else but how we could change our situation, how long the war would last and what would then happen to us.

In the summer of that year many of my fellow-sufferers succumbed, amongst them quite a few of my closer friends. When we buried them, we thought that we really should envy them.

In the beginning of September we missed a friend named Simonson, who was over 60. I went to see him on a Sunday and found him gravely ill. I knew that he had a bad case of diabetes, and our miserable existence had aggravated his condition so much that gangrene had set in one foot. A physician said there was only one possibility of saving his life, and that was to amputate the foot. But this had to be done immediately. I went at once to the Jewish congregation at Constanza and told them about Simonson's condition. They, however, were too impoverished and suggested that they could get Simonson into

The Startling Story of the Horrors Suffered by an Escaping Refugee

JOURNEY INTO TRAGEDY

By HERMAN PIASKER

the free ward of a hospital. I knew what it meant to lie in what was called the "third class" of Rumanian hospitals, especially for a Jew. I left the Jewish congregation and tried to collect the money privately. I went to see several Jews and asked for sufficient money to get him into a better class in the hospital. I collected only small sums, insufficient for the purpose. Time passed. Simonson was still at home and I still did not have enough money. I decided

This is the second of two articles relating the terrible adventures of a man escaping from the Hitler persecution. The articles are taken from a yet unpublished book by Mr. Piasker, who is now in this country. The manuscript was read by Albert Einstein, who said of it, "I firmly believe that reports of such documentary value should not be forgotten. . . . This work should be brought to light."

In the first article Mr. Piasker told how he fled from Leipzig, where he was a fur merchant, and the misery, terror, and degradation he endured as he was shuttled back and forth from one European country to another in the desperate effort to preserve life and reason.

to put Simonson into the hospital, first class, by bluffing. When he was accepted I said the Jewish congregation would pay for the operation and all the other expenses. Fortunately, they believed me.

The next day Simonson was operated on, and successfully. But his heart had grown weak by the long delay. He suffered an attack and died.

Now there were grim difficulties to solve. The hospital would not release the corpse until the bills had been paid. I had to approach the congregation again and explain my deception. Although

they understood my motives they told me that I had put them in a very difficult position, since they were absolutely unable to meet the demands of the hospital.

I did not know what to do. I walked the streets and tried to evolve some plan but I came home without any solution.

I had not gone to work that day, and the following day I stayed away also, hoping to find some way to bury our friend. I finally went to the mayor of the city, and by some desperate power that came to me I managed to persuade him to assume the hospital expense. When I returned to the hospital I was given a note. It read: "The dead Jew is free."

We buried Simonson, and then I returned to my job. The official who was our overseer said to me with cold brevity that while he knew why I was absent I was nevertheless a deserter and deserved the death penalty. However, since I had always done my work satisfactorily, they would not put me before a military court. But they did have to punish me as an example to others, so they gave me "only" 25 lashes and sentenced me to five days solitary confinement.

In the following weeks we had to bear hardships. We had to answer to the Gestapo, to the Rumanian police, and to the police for foreigners. Each took turns in worrying us. We had no peace. They took us away for questioning during the day and at night.

The winter of 1942 was particularly bad for us. Because of severe weather the trains ran infrequently and we failed to receive small contributions from Bukarest that helped us keep alive. The temperature fell to 45 degrees below zero. I realized that the cold depresses one more than hunger. I am still surprised that most of us survived that winter.

In February, 1943, came an order from

the Gestapo to send the younger of our group to work at a beach resort some 30 miles from Constanza, where we would have to keep the streets and the beach clean. We were obliged to separate from our wives. My friend Angress was assigned to work in Constanza, together with my friend Lachs, and about 20 other foreign refugees, mostly Austrians, Hungarians, and Czechs, I drove to Mangalia, on the Black Sea.

We lived in an old house, half-caved in, and slept on the bare floor. In Mangalia we could not complain about the way we were treated. But strangely, our situation improved. The population was made up mostly of Greeks, and they pitied us and helped us with money and food.

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At this time of the year many Rumanians came from the different parts of the country to Mangalia for a rest. When I, together with Lachs, swept the streets we spoke French to attract the attention of the visitors. The passers-by who heard us thought it strange that street-cleaners should speak French and many of them talked to us. When we told them we were German-Jewish refugees condemned to forced labor they were ashamed of their own government. Towards the Rumanian Jews they were very cool, but to us they were kinder, and gave us money and cigarettes. Several times they even invited us to meals.

This better life did not last long. Soon further Nazi orders separated and dispersed us. I was sent to Pentschu, a village near the Hungarian border. In the workcamp there were about 2,000 Jews, partly from Constanza, the majority from Bukarest. The next day we started to work. A white Russian engineer named Ivanoff was in charge, and he was also in command of the soldiers who guarded us. We were told what our duties were to be, and the punishments for not performing them. To desert the job meant the death sentence; not to complete the required amount of work was considered sabotage.

The old story began all over again. About twenty people remained in the camp to keep it clean, to take care of the kitchen and do other services. Another group was put in charge of the

purchase of the food, and the rest were divided into working squads of 50 men, under two Jewish supervisors.

This village had been almost destroyed by an earthquake on the 9th of November, 1941. We had to clean up the debris, mostly without any tools whatever, and those few tools we did have were more than primitive. Walls had to be torn down, but no measures were taken for our protection. Many of us suffered grave injuries through blood-poisoning and collapsing walls. For ten hours every day we had to do this work. If a guard caught one of us taking a rest or standing still because of exhaustion, the culprit was brought to the police.

For this work we were paid with a very small sum of money with which to pay for our food. A former naval captain named Meier had become our camp commander and the money was turned over to him. He was as brutal as any SS man, and still meaner and more brutal than Ivanoff or the soldiers who guarded us. He was drunk every night.

The Rumanian Jews who were left with a little money before being deported to this camp bribed Meier and obtained some advantages. Some of them worked less, and we, who were not favored, had to work more. We were only fed corn-flour and potatoes and the worst grade

beans. We never saw bread, and meat was served just once a week.

When Meier called us, he yelled "Yidani," and into this word went all his disdain; but this was polite for him. Generally he referred to us as "Caine de Yidani" (dog of a Jew). Never did they call us by our names.

After some time a delegation arrived to inspect the camp, and we were asked if we had any complaints. I took the invitation seriously and said I was ill from overwork and undernourishment, as well as from frequent injuries. The next morning I served as an example. Meier constantly carried a heavy stick. As he took the roll-call, he stopped in front of me and struck my face with the club. No one moved or uttered a sound. The club came down on me again and again, until a Rumanian officer put an end to the beating.

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A new captain took over the command of our camp, and by some miracle, he was a Jew from Hungary, an honest and upright man. Thanks to him our food improved tremendously. We now received bread more often and meat twice a week.

One day we had to answer the roll-call earlier than usual, and we were told that the most fit among us would be used at the battle-line to search for mines.

(Continued on page 7)

AUTHORIZED CAMPAIGNS FOR ISRAEL

THE Jewish Agency for Palestine has published its fourth annual list of organizations authorized to conduct campaigns in this country for the benefit of Israel. The list was drawn up by the Jewish Agency's Committee on Control and Authorization of Campaigns which assists in the coordination of fund raising efforts in the United States on behalf of Israel's institutions and causes. The twelve organizations on this list will assure priority to the United Jewish Appeal as the major source of philanthropic funds for Israel's immigration, absorption, and colonization programs.

The organizations which received authorizations for 1953 are:

American Committee for the Weizmann Institute of Science, Inc.

American Friends of the Hebrew University.

American Fund for Israel Institutions.

American Red Mogen Dovid for Israel, Inc. (membership campaign only).

American Technion Society.

Hadasah, the Women's Zionist Organization of America, Inc.

Jewish National Fund (traditional collections only).

Material for Israel, Inc. (materials only).

Mizrahi Women's Organization of America.

National Committee for Labor Israel (Histadruth Campaign).

Pioneer Women, the Women's Labor Zionist Organization of America, Inc.

Women's League for Israel, Inc. (New York area).

With these words we had to file in a line, and walk past the officers and the physician of a delegation. Everyone of us was judged with the words "goes" or "remains." We knew that "goes" meant a certain and quick death, and "remains" that our sufferings would go on.

If we ourselves had had to decide we almost did not know which of the two possibilities we would have chosen. When I passed the officers their faces twitted. I do not know whether they felt pity, since I looked like a ghost, or whether they wanted to laugh. At that time I did not weigh 100 lbs., though I am 5 feet 11 tall. Naturally I was one of those who stayed behind.

Unfortunately, our new captain was replaced by a German-Rumanian who enjoyed making us suffer. It was November and the weather was very cold. The cleaning up of the debris was almost finished. We now had to drag iron poles and rails to the station and load them on trucks.

In the beginning of December a new refugee named Nandy Klein from Constanza joined us. He was Viennese and had been kept back in Constanza because of a grave organic illness. He was put into my group and we became friends.

It was rumored that soon we would all return to Constanza. A Rumanian officer called and told me that the Interior ministry had given orders that all foreign Jews were to be handed over to the police and deported to Transnistria, a place with a notorious reputation for harsh treatment.

To keep us from running away we were constantly guarded and could not go beyond the camp yard. We spent dreadful days expecting to be moved at any moment. We kept torturing ourselves with thoughts of what we should do. Was there any hope of escape?

One night, while Nandy Klein and I were discussing our situation, he proposed that we should attempt to reach the Hungarian border nearest to us, then cross the mountains and get into Hungary. As we began to calculate the distance and consider the hazards of passing through the mountains, we realized the venture was impossible for us. We also knew

that in Hungary we could expect the same treatment as in Rumania. We talked until we were exhausted, and I was just falling asleep when Klein suddenly said that he would leave the camp on the following night whatever happened. His plan was to walk about 20 miles to a railroad and steal into a freight train for Bukarest, where he would live somehow. I decided against joining him, though his plan seemed feasible. I had no spirit left for such an adventure. The next night Nandy Klein went through a weak fence that separated the camp from a vineyard and disappeared.

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The absolute quiet of the camp, and the feeling of being left behind got terribly on my nerves. I constantly listened for shots. I could not sleep. In my thoughts I accompanied Klein on his way. The night seemed endless. At 4 a.m. came the rollcall. Klein's absence was noticed. Since he was known to be my friend I was beaten mercilessly while being questioned about his escape. I repeated over and over again that I had fallen asleep with exhaustion and did not know anything about it. The guards then sent out patrols with dogs. The camp officer put chains on my feet, and left me in the cold in the yard. A burst of courage came over me, and I determined to follow my friend Klein. I watched for an opportunity, then shuffled off to the fence. To walk with chains was torture, and I had to crawl on my hands and feet. I looked for hidden paths through the fields. As the ground was icy I had a difficult time, but the will to live triumphed over pain and the exhaustion. I now remembered that nearby lived a peasant whose home had been damaged by the earthquake, and while I was working at salvaging materials he had begged me for some lumber and I had let him take it. He had been very grateful, so I now made my way to him. He was frightened when he saw me, but I begged him to help me and remove my chains. He hesitated, then agreed. He asked me to wait awhile until he found a file, and promised to do what he could.

When he went out I stood alone in the room and waited. Suddenly I had a feeling of anxiety, an intuition of calamity. Then the door opened—and I realized how accurate my premonition had been. Beaming with joy, the peasant entered flanked by four armed soldiers from the camp. He pointed to me and cried: "Here is your Jew!" I was so terrified that I could neither see nor hear properly. I only heard the soldiers' words: "Vassilly, tomorrow you can come and get a reward of 500 lei."

I suppose I looked so miserable and weak that the soldiers could only laugh at me. When I was brought back to the camp, and before I was locked up, I was asked if I wanted something to eat. I was astonished at this humane behavior. They brought me a plate with matjes herring, which I devoured, including the bones. The meal left me very thirsty and I asked for some water. They told me they would bring it into the cell. But there was no water for me all that night. The next morning, when I begged them again for water, they brought me a whole jug full, but threw it in my face. Thus acted human beings! After this I was chained and set on my way to Transnistria.

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The first stop to this place was Constanza. When I arrived at the police station I met other refugees, all desperate with anxiety. A Mr. Steinmetz had been able to help them, and now he came to our assistance again. He vouchsafed for all of us and this gave us a certain degree of freedom. I found my old companion in misery, Lachs, also here, and it was at least some consolation that we would be deported together. Through Mr. Steinmetz's intercession we were allowed at liberty, but had to report to the police twice a day.

The "Reich of 1,000 years," together with its allies, had received the first critical blows. The invasion by America and its Allies in the West was followed in the East by the advance of the Russians. It seemed the two forces would pour into Germany like a tremendous stream. I was still held captive, but the guards relaxed their watch. We refugees waited, and for the first time, hope was born.

On August the 23rd, 1944, our day dawned. We heard the end of the war had come, and with this miraculous news we knew our salvation was close.

NEIGHBOR HORWITZ

By H. BEN ADI

The following article is about a colorful man who is the son of Brooklyn Jewish Center member, and a product of the Center Hebrew School. It was written by an Israeli in Beersheba, and is reprinted from the publication, "Israel Speaks."

MY NEIGHBOR George Horwitz is a Jew from Brooklyn who came here some time ago intending to settle. In George's case, "some time ago" really means it. The first time was in 1929, when like most other contemporary settlers he worked in the orange groves. A chance visit found him in Hebron during an Arab outbreak. His family became frantic and demanded he come home.

George's next return was in 1933, when he worked for six months at Sdom, on the shores of the Dead Sea. Malaria and scorpions forced him home this time, but he was back again in 1935, when he worked in the orange groves of Kfar Saba and Kfar Giladi. A year or so later he went home again, having decided that he would be more useful to the country if he first became an efficient farmer.

George chose California as his training locale because its climate is so similar to Palestine's. But just as George had decided he was ready to return here permanently, Uncle Sam sent him a letter.

He went into the U. S. Army as a private, but by D-Day on the Normandy beach, he had become a captain in a tank regiment. Here George collected a German "souvenir" which kept him in the hospital for months; once discharged, he was shipped straight to Okinawa. When he returned to civilian life, other delays intervened, but at last, at the beginning of this year, George came again—for the first time, to the free state of Israel, and now, he says, it is for good. For several months he traveled up and down the country trying to decide where to settle. His final choice was the Negev. George says that in the Negev a man is still a man and there's enough elbow room.

With George came a little gadget called a "shovel dozer," a "toy" costing about



George
Horwitz

\$15,000, which can do many things, such as shifting small hills, moving earth and gravel, laying pipes, etc. For the time being he earns a living by hiring himself out with his gadget. But this is only temporary. In his spare time George looks for a suitable place to start a farm. It has to be along the border, because there is no fun, he says, working where you are protected on every side. George has already decided what *not* to plant on his farm. In short: nothing that has so far been grown successfully in Israel. He wants to experiment.

hidden by clouds of dust, singing at the top of his voice and surrounded by a group of Bedouin kids who minded neither the singing nor the dust.

Altogether, George is rather an unusual type. Apart from being an expert farmer, tractor driver and mechanic, he also holds a Bachelor of Arts degree and is a confirmed bachelor. He can do many things better than some of our people, but he gives advice only when asked and then only through showing how and not with words. An ardent Zionist, he never talks about Zionism or pioneering. To him life in Israel is the big adventure, the fulfillment of his dreams. And though he comes from Brooklyn, he looks rather more like an Englishman. When he visits Tel Aviv or Haifa, George likes to go to the best restaurants, where he gets a great kick out of startling the waiters by refusing "tourist" lunches and ordering austerity meals.

I like my neighbor George. I only wish I had a few more like him.

WE LOOK up, casually, as the Sexton comes into the living room with the younger son. Without having planned it, we are the one at home when the younger son is to get his first lesson in reading the Torah for his Bar Mitzvah. The Sexton seems puzzled. He hesitates to speak. He spreads his hands toward us, in a gesture of sadness.

"My dear woman," he says, "your son will never be able to read his Bar Mitzvah portion. Every note he sings is the same note—off key!"

We say nothing. We wonder in silence, why does the younger son seem so close that everything he does hurts us?

The Sexton accepts our silence as dismissal. Our younger son, too bewildered to say a word, hangs his head and stands ashamed, while we see the Sexton to the door. The boy is unhappy: we are too. If he can't sing his sedra it must be our fault. Then we grow angry at the Sexton. What does that man know about our younger son? How can he be sure, after listening to the boy for only a few minutes, that he won't be able to read the sedra? Would that Sexton be so hasty with a child of his own? Then we return to reality. We say to our son:

"Lots of Bar Mitzvah boys can't sing it the first time. How would you like to practise with me? There are notes in the back of the Hertz *chumosh*. And then, after you've practised, we can ask the Sexton in again and show him!"

"Which Hertz book?" the younger son says.

"The big book with the black leather cover and the hole where your big brother used to put his thumb through when he studied his Bar Mitzvah lessons from it."

The younger son brightens and goes to get the book. We watch him, suddenly realizing that he is going to be handsomer than his father, with those broad shoulders and that good deep chest. He finds the *chumosh* and we sit down at the piano. "This is the way it goes," we say, "first note is f." We play the first melodic phrase once, and then again, and sing it, ourselves. We nod to the younger son and say, "Now you sing, darling."

We had never before suspected that the younger son had the lungs of a basketball cheer leader. He opens his mouth

A YOUNG MAN COMES OF AGE

By BERTHA ZELDA BECK

and the angels in Seventh Heaven tremble. "Zar-k-O-O!"

As his voice finally fades our hands fall from the keyboard. We stare at the print above the music, thinking, vaguely, that Mr. H. Mayerowitz and Mr. G. Prince, having written this music, have never heard it sung exactly like that. We begin to understand the utter hopelessness of the Sexton. We find that our lips are parched and we recall, forcefully, that Everything the All-Merciful does is for the Best. But we are only a woman and some things are hard for us to understand. We turn to our younger son and smile encouragement.

"Not so bad, was it, darling? But the best way to learn it by heart is to take it one note at a time. Let's take the first note first."

We strike the *f* again, four times over, with both hands, an octave apart. We play it very loud. Our younger son sings it louder and longer, wildly happy at the sound of his own voice. His tone pounds in our head. When he stops we are surprised that we can still hear little things like the clock above the piano. We play the scale slowly, with one finger, from *f* to *c*. The younger son sings—neither *f* nor *c*, nor any note between. We bite our lips to keep from screaming. We hear ourselves saying:

"That's all for today. Maybe—tomorrow—we'll do a little bit more?"

All that evening we sit in the sewing room, obviously too busy for any more practising.

Our Beloved Husband finds the Hertz book on the piano before breakfast while looking for his pipe and tobacco. Before we have a chance to make something up he has guessed the truth.

"What of it if the boy can't sing?" he scolds us. "He can still read his portion!"

"But the Sexton refused—"

The Wise One, Our Beloved Husband, is often impatient before breakfast. "Aren't there any other teachers?"

"Of course," we say, convinced.

*The Trials and Troubles of
The Bar Mitzvah Period*

"Never thought of that!"

Our Beloved Husband embraces us fondly. "Did anybody else ever tell you how wonderful you are?"

We smile and say no, remembering that a Man May Flatter his Wife for the Sake of Marital Peace.

The next minute we think of going down to the school where we used to teach before we were married. We have lunch with the music teacher there. He is a good, old, soul, and he gives us pointers on how to get around the off-key-one-note that comes out of the younger son.

"Make a game of listening to music," the old man tells us. "Blindfold him and give him a prize if he can guess whether you are going up the scale on the piano and how far. Once you get him hearing the difference in tones, and then in half-tones—you'll have the battle almost won. For the rest—you must get him to listen to his own singing. He sings softly, I hope?"

"Of course!" We smile. "It won't be so difficult after all!" We keep remembering what a cute little baby the younger son used to be—never cried—so where did he get that lung power?

The next day we get to work with the blindfold. Our Bar Mitzvah candidate doesn't mind practising while the rest of the boys are out playing basketball against the garage wall. The rest of the family, however, takes a different view of this matter. The older son, now a Man of the World, a college freshman, trails us as we go into the kitchen. "How can you stand that bellowing, Ma?" Our daughter threatens to move in with her friend's family. We have only one daughter and we never seem to do the right thing for her, says she. Our Beloved Husband paces the house with an air of sadness and suffering.

We practise evenings and afternoons, day in and day out. But we do not practise on the High Holy Days. We

wonder, during the moments of unaccustomed silence and idleness, will the younger son go back to practising again after the High Holy Days? Secretly, we feel he has got nothing out of the hours at the piano. When he does not ask to practise again, on the first day of Succoth, when he is home from school all day, we say nothing. But when the first days of the Succoth holidays are over and we have talked in secret with our Beloved Husband about getting another teacher to make him read and not sing the portion, on that day, the younger son comes to us early in the morning and says:

"It isn't a sin to practise on Simchas Torah, is it?"

We go to the piano, keeping our thoughts sternly to ourselves. Mother must understand and sympathize, we say staunchly. We play *f*. And then we play the notes from *f* to *c*. The old routine. We help him adjust his blindfold, patiently, and in disapproving silence. We play *f* to *c*, again. "Now, darling," we say, as we have said so many times before. Then we can't believe our ears.

For the first time he guesses every note right!

We play again, going down the scale, *f* to *c*. He sings the notes. Softly. He sings every note right!

But the days are going fast. How much practising time is there left before the third Saturday in December, the day of days? How long will it take us to teach him the whole sedra and the *haftorah*? We must go through every word of it before we dare call in the Sexton!

Somehow, we manage. The day the Sexton comes we sit in the kitchen, in the dark. We can hear all the neighbors' children playing outside in the snow. It is November. The Sexton is so surprised at what he hears that he begins to stutter. Then he plunges into serious work. The younger son goes off key only once.

This, we say to ourselves, sitting there alone, in the dark kitchen, is one of the big things we have done in this world. For a moment we almost believe the younger son will come and thank us. He seems to be lingering outside the door after the Sexton leaves. And in the next moment we realize that it is our son who is opening the living room window and calling out to his friends that he is com-

ing out too. We hear the door slam behind him and hope he has not forgotten his galoshes. We face ourselves in the mirror of our own soul and ask ourselves—how long is it since we thanked our own wonderful mother for things she did for us—things greater than this? We are ashamed. We can't remember ever thanking her! We feel our girlhood only just behind us, in spite of having been married for twenty years.

The Sexton is so pleased to teach the younger son he comes every day. The third Saturday in December stalks threateningly nearer. The fish is bought, ready for cooking; the strudel dough is ready for stretching. On Tuesday before the Bar Mitzvah, with a strangely belligerent cook in our little kitchen to help us, and piles of apple strudel on every table in the house, we find that we have spots before our eyes. Unwillingly, we realize that our throat is just a little sore—even when we don't swallow. The thermometer says fever, and to get to bed—immediately. We shiver as we climb between the sheets, practising what we have been preaching to our children who watch us anxiously to make sure we do.

(Continued on page 22)

DAUGHTER LEARNS THE SABBATH PRAYER



These charming pictures of a little girl following her mother in the lighting of the Sabbath candles were taken in the home of a young Canadian Jewish couple by photographer Lionel Miller, of Montreal.

The following was written by a member of the Center who recently returned from a trip around the world.

OUR trip to Israel came almost at the tail end of several months spent in the Orient. Starting out on a freighter we visited not only the usual tourist countries like Japan, but proceeded to the ones off the beaten track. From Japan we went to Keelung and Taipeh in Formosa, then to Haiphong and Saigon in Indo-China, then Manila, Iloilo, and Cebu in the Philippines. From there, by a Norwegian freighter this time, we came to Hong Kong. We flew to Bangkok, Singapore in Malaya, then by steamer to Penang in Malaya, Rangoon in Burma, and Calcutta.

Since Israeli visas had to be used within three months, we waited until we reached Manila to obtain ours. The honorary Israeli Consul in Manila was the head of a very large business whose interest in Israel and activities on behalf of its development led him to accept the duties involved in representing the country for business and diplomatic functions. We left our passports with a secretary and were told to come back for them later in the day. When we returned, the secretary said, "Here are your passports and visas, but the consul would like to see you."

We were shown into a large, air-conditioned office and introduced to the Consul who seemed interested in meeting fellow Jews from other parts of the world. He reminded us that we were approaching Rosh Hashana and invited us to attend services in Manila. Since we planned to be in Hong Kong during Yom Kippur he gave us a card of introduction to the Israeli immigration officer there who would, he said, direct us to the temple.

It is hard to describe the glow that one feels upon meeting a fellow-Jew after weeks of travel in the East, especially when the person you meet is a cultured gentleman who goes out of his way to be helpful and friendly.

The temple in Hong Kong was a building of Moorish design set in the gardens of the Men's Club high up on the side of the mountain and overlooking the harbor way below. I can see where the superb views from the windows would

Center Travelers Climax A World Tour With a Visit to the New State

A NEW LOOK AT ISRAEL

By DR. JACOB KLEIN

cause a worshipper's attention to wander from his prayer book. As we came through the gardens, we met many types of men and women, Moroccans wearing fezzes, Frenchmen, Britshers, Australians, officers from British Army units and American sailors who were on leave from some of the destroyers visiting Hong Kong.

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We were all of different nationalities yet there was a bond that knit us closely—we were all Jews and had gathered for the common purpose of worshipping and observing a solemn holiday.

Soon we were taken up by a friendly group. The ladies escorted Rose, my wife to the women's section up in the balcony; one of the men, an officer, called on the shammis to supply me with a skull cap, a *talith*, and a *macbзор*. Thus fully equipped, I was all set for the services. Although the ritual and reading was *Sephardic*, I anticipated no difficulty.

To my surprise I began to flounder and soon was completely lost, unable to follow the reading. The *shammis* who was acting as reader, read *Sephardic Hebrew* with a *litvak* accent, but he was also toothless and the results were lamentable. When some of the other members of the congregation took turns at reading or chanting, the words became clear and I was able to follow. On one side of me was a young man from Australia who looked completely bewildered as were most of the visitors. On the other side of me was a handsome young man who introduced himself as the American vice-consul, and being a regular shul-goer, he seemed fully at home.

A week later, on one of the main streets of Hong Kong, I met a *gabbai* on his way to his office. He reminded me that it was *Succoth* and invited us to attend services and to visit the *Succah*. Our stay in Hong Kong was made memorable by these contacts and we felt that we had made many friends there.

Our approach to Israel was from Pakistan. As our giant plane flew over

the Arab countries, we saw nothing but sand, desert, erosion, and bare hills. Suddenly, as though someone had drawn a line, we saw grass, trees, and green fields and we were in Israel.

As we came off the plane we were met by a large sign which said in many languages, "Israel welcomes you." An attractive young lady in military uniform took us in hand, assured us that our luggage would be taken care of, and took us to an office for customs and immigration formalities. There was the usual red tape, but everybody was friendly and courteous and tried to minimize the discomfort and inconvenience caused by burdensome details. As we looked around and realized that everybody—the young air pilot in snappy uniform, the marine officer, the military men, chauffeurs, the charming girls in uniform, were all Jews, I was overcome with emotion. It is hard to describe the feeling of belonging. Here were my people! And by comparison with what we saw in India and the East, they looked good to our eyes. In India one sees starvation, beggars, apathy; children who are almost naked, dirty, and diseased. Here the children were round-cheeked, glowing with health, carrying books, attending school, wearing clothes and, what was at once apparent, shoes and socks.

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Our room at the Gat Ramon had a balcony overlooking the Mediterranean and gave us the feeling of looking at the boardwalk in Atlantic City.

It seems that everyone has relatives in Israel and, if we had let ourselves, we would have been swamped with messages and gift packages. Since our visit was preceded by several months in the East, we had to refuse to take anything with us. As it is, we had cousins all around Tel Aviv, but like the spokes of a wheel, each community radiated out of the center of the city and you couldn't get

from one to the other without going back to Tel Aviv. The absence of home telephones made communication burdensome and difficult.

We planned to look up some of these relatives the evening of our first day in Tel Aviv. Since the head of the clan was my wife's cousin, Yankel, we thought that all visits would be arranged by him. His address was in Givutayim and we were assured that every one there knew him. We soon discovered that finding Yankel was worse than looking for a relative named Shmerel in Borough Park, except that a Shmerel in Borough Park would be listed in a telephone directory, while alas, in Givutayim there were neither telephones nor directories.

We were told that bus Aleph or Gimel would take us there directly and, following instructions, we walked down Hayarkon Street to Shalom Aleichem Street near Ben Yehudah Street where we found the bus. We were still new in Israel and were intrigued by having streets named Shalom Aleichem or Ben Yehudah.

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The bus soon filled up, but who minds a crowd when it consists of fellow-Jews from all over the world. "Chaverem kol Yisroel," I thought and felt. But an amusing incident occurred which dispelled some of this feeling. A man with his arm in a sling entered the bus and a woman got up to give him her seat. He refused and while the two were politely arguing another woman seized the seat; immediately a three-cornered debate took place, and in Hebrew. It seemed funny to argue about a bus seat in Hebrew.

At the end of the line we got off and approached some boys hopefully, but they didn't know Yankel. Still optimistic, we walked toward a large apartment house and began a search of the nameplates without finding Yankel. Along came one of the tenants who offered to help us but he didn't know Yankel. So he suggested that we go to the local vegetable store and ask the owner. He also didn't know but one of the customers, a man who had been buying oranges and eating them, offered a suggestion. He said (in Yiddish which he called *Daatch*, imagining that it was German), "Goldberg knows. Ask Goldberg, he knows everyone, *er schreibt ein*." It seemed that Goldberg registered all per-

sons in the area and had lists. The directions on how to find Goldberg were more complicated than reaching Lydda from Karachi, but he kindly offered to take us there, saying that it was not too far out of his way.

We crossed lots and sand dunes and rocks and soon my shoes began to fill with the sands of the desert surrounding Tel Aviv. On the way he, like everyone else, told me the story of his life. He concluded with (in Yiddish), "Times are bad, there is unemployment, food is scarce but here "*bin ich frei, es gibt kein antisemitismus.*"

Goldberg wasn't home so we went next door to his son. It seems that once a year a dramatic group comes to Givutayim to offer a play and that this was the night and Goldberg was in the theater. His daughter-in-law, nevertheless, went to find out where his lists were and came back triumphantly. She had discovered Yankel's address. Again we crossed lots and sand and desert and arrived at the house, but an old woman informed us that Yankel didn't live there any more; he had moved and she didn't know where.

"But," she informed us, "Yankel's daughter lives in the second house at the left of the new Mizrachi School." So on we went to search for the Mizrachi School and we asked at the second house,

third, etc., without success. When we reached the end of the row it was ten o'clock and I suggested that we return to Tel Aviv. By that time I regretted that there was a cousin Yankel and that we had to visit him. I thought of all the fortunate individuals visiting Israel without cousin Yankels and I envied them.

But Rose is not a giverrupper. "We came so far I'm sure we'll locate them." We urged young Mrs. Goldberg to go back to her family and decided to try the remaining few houses by ourselves. In a few minutes, Mrs. Goldberg reappeared with a man whom she introduced as the "Apotheke fur die gemeinde," the druggist for the cooperative, and he knew Yankel's daughter and led us to her home.

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We spent a few days making a tour of the North, of Galil; we saw with reverence the tomb of Maimonides, of Rabbi Meir bal Haness; we visited such fascinating cities as Safad, Tiberias, and Nazareth. We saw how eroded mountains were planted with trees, how swamps were being drained and eroded lands reclaimed. We took pictures to show contributors to Hadassah tree funds how their money was turning bare mountains into forests.

In the kibbutzim, the sights of great-

(Continued on page 23)



The Sodom-Beersheba road in the Negev which links the southern end of the Dead Sea with Beersheba, the "capital of the Negev." The building of this highway is considered one of the outstanding engineering feats of our time.

NEWS OF THE CENTER

Reserve Your High Holy Day Seats Now

Members of the Center are urged to make their reservations for tickets for the coming High Holy Days with the least possible delay.

Rosh Hashonah services will be held on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, September 9th and 10th, and Thursday and Friday mornings, September 10th and 11th. Kol Nidre services will be held on Friday evening, September 18th, and Yom Kippur services on Saturday, September 19th.

We are anticipating a great demand for tickets and it is, therefore, advisable for Center members to reserve their seats immediately in order to avoid disappointment. We shall try to accommodate as many members as there are seats available. Tickets are being sold for the Main Synagogue and Auditorium.

The services in the Main Synagogue will be conducted by our Cantor, Rev. William Sauler, assisted by the Center Choir, under the personal leadership of Mr. Sholom Secunda.

Services for Rosh Hashonah and Yom Kippur will be conducted also in the Auditorium.

Junior Congregation and Children's Services During High Holy Days

Services for the High Holy Days (Rosh Hashonah and Yom Kippur) will be held in the Prayer Room, as heretofore, for boys and girls between the ages of 11 and 18. The services will be conducted by Rabbi Mordecai H. Lewittes. The music instructor of our Hebrew School will officiate. Tickets are \$2.50 each and are limited to the capacity of the Prayer Room. Place your orders for tickets now.

In addition to the Junior Congregation Service in the Prayer Room, there will be a special children's service for Rosh Hashonah and Yom Kippur for boys and girls under 11 years of age, attending our Hebrew School, Center Academy and Sunday School. The services will be under the supervision of Mrs. Evelyn Zusman of our Hebrew School Faculty. Admission will be free to pupils of our schools under 11.

Junior Congregation Joint Meeting Exceptional Success

THE joint Sabbath service and Oneg Shabbat of our Junior Congregation and the Junior Congregation of our neighboring Temple Petach Tikvah held on May 23 was an inspirational achievement. Sponsored by the Youth Activities Committee of our Center, with our Sisterhood and P.T.A. acting as Hostess, several hundred young men and women gathered in the Junior Congregation for the Sabbath morning service. The services were conducted by a joint committee headed by Mr. Morton Bromberg and Mr. Mel Prasner. It was most interesting to hear the different melodies used by each synagogue.

After services the entire group adjourned to the dining room for Kiddush and lunch. Great credit is due Mr. Julius Kushner, chairman of the Center committee, and Mrs. Frank Schaeffer for arranging the fine luncheon. After the *Bircat Hamazon*, the meeting was addressed by Rabbi Levinthal, Mr. Kushner, and Mr. Irvin I. Rubin. *Zamirot* concluded the luncheon session.

Immediately thereafter, the assembly returned to the Synagogue for the keynote address by Rabbi Lewittes. The group divided into separate panels, each having a youth leader and adviser. The topic was "Prayer," with each panel devoted to different aspects, such as "The Relation of Prayer between Man and Man," "The Relation of Prayer between Man and God," "Christian Prayer and Jewish Prayer." The panels reassembled one hour later for the Minchah service and an evaluation session, which was addressed by Rabbi Block of Temple Petach Tikvah, and by our Rabbi Kreitman. Isreali dancing followed in the courtyard.

In the evening the group met for the *Havdallah* service. The rest of the evening was spent in social dancing. Mr. Robert Kritz acted as master of ceremonies for the entire event. Rabbits Kreitman and Lewittes met with the officers of both Junior Congregations and assisted them in planning the day's program.

This was a very significant event. To our knowledge it was the first of its kind in the country, and the impact upon the young people and the adults present was great. Without exception, all left with an enthusiastic determination to make our Junior Congregations grow. It would be well if all Center members who have sons and daughters of high school and early college age would see to it that their children avail themselves of this opportunity of maturing as Jewish men and women by regularly attending our Junior Congregation.

Summer Gym Schedule

The following schedule will prevail in the Gym and Baths Department during July and August:

MONDAY

Men	3 p.m. to 10 p.m.
Women	10 a.m. to 3 p.m.
Boys	3 p.m. to 5 p.m.

TUESDAY

Women	10 a.m. to 10 p.m.
Girls	3 p.m. to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

Men	3 p.m. to 10 p.m.
Women	10 a.m. to 3 p.m.
Boys	3 p.m. to 5 p.m.

THURSDAY

Men	5 p.m. to 10 p.m.
Women	10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Girls	3 p.m. to 5 p.m.

FRIDAY

Men	1 p.m. to 6 p.m.
Boys	1 p.m. to 6 p.m.

SUNDAY AND LEGAL HOLIDAYS

Men	10 a.m. to 2 p.m.
Boys	2 p.m. to 5 p.m.

Gymn and Baths to be Closed During "Nine Days"

The Gym and Baths Department will be closed during the "Nine Days" beginning Sunday, July 12th, through Tuesday, July 21st. The department will reopen as usual on Wednesday morning, July 22nd, at 10 a.m. for women.

The Younger Membership

OUR delegates, upon their return from Chicago, reported on the National Convention of the Young Peoples League of United Synagogue of America at our meeting of Tuesday, June 2. They brought back with them a profound sense of dedication to the ideals of YPL and a renewed enthusiasm for this dynamic movement. It is our hope that the program of our group in the coming year will truly reflect the theme of the convention, "The past is in our Torah, its future in our hands."

* * *

Under the co-chairmanship of Leonard Krawitz and Morton Weinberger, our annual spring picnic, held on June 7, was a resounding success. Despite inclement weather, our picnickers rendezvoused at Bethpage State Park, Long Island, and enjoyed an exciting mixed softball game in which some of the more athletic of our female members excelled. Everyone reveled in exploring the contents of the ample box lunches provided by our girls. Because of the favorable response, another outing will be held in the fall.

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The Young Folks League annual installation of Officers and the Executive Board took place on June 9. In an atmosphere of dignity and solemnity (coupled with wit and humor), our Associate Rabbi, Dr. Benjamin Kreitman, installed the Officers and Executive Members for the year 1953-54. Guest speakers for the occasion were Dr. Israel H. Levinthal, Rabbi of the Center, Dr. Moses E. Spatt, President of the Center, and Buddy Hausen, President of the New York Region of YPL. Mr. Hausen presented our group with the YPL National Award for Second Place for All-Year Programming. Special tribute was paid by all of the speakers to the outstanding contributions of our outgoing president, Morris Hecht.

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Summer Rooftop Meetings

For the remainder of the summer, the Young Folks League will meet on the Center roof on alternate Tuesday evenings as per the following schedule: July 7th and 21st; August 4th and 18th.

We invite all our members to join us during the summer evenings and enjoy pleasant social atmosphere and casual get-togethers.

HAROLD KALB, *President*.

The following are the Officers and Executive Board Members of the Young Folks League for the year 1953-54:

Officers

President

HAROLD KALB

First Vice-President

MICHAEL J. ROSENFIELD

Second Vice-President

RHODA SOICHER

Treasurer

PHILIP FREEDMAN

Recording Secretary

DOROTHY HIRSCHHORN

Corresponding Secretary

MILDRED STEIN

Honorary Presidents

DAVID GOLD MILTON REINER

MORRIS HECHT IRVIN I. RUBIN

HARRY ZUCKER

Executive Board

Elaine Abelov

Leo Berman

Marvin Bernstein

Joan Carr

Seymour Eisenstadt

Al Glickman

Paul Kotik

Leonard Kravitz

Murray Landau

Shelley Libman

Arnold Magaliff

Janice Nathanson

Phyllis Newman

Shirley Rubin

Sonia Sklar

Rita Vogel

David Yawitz

Rosalind Zambrowsky

Sidney Zarider

Honorary Members

Morris Hecht Herbert Levine

Pearl Horowitz Aaron Pollack

Gerald Jacobs Milton Reiner

Jerome Simonson

Summer Library Schedule

The Library of the Center will be open during July on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays from 4 to 8 p.m.; and will be closed during the month of August.

Joseph S. Scheinberg Elected President Of Brooklyn Zionist Region

Joseph S. Scheinberg, member of our Board of Governors and the Education Committee of our Center, has been elected President of the Brooklyn Zionist Region at its annual Convention on June 14th.

Mr. Scheinberg has just completed his third year as President of the Eastern Parkway Zionist District #14. It was under his leadership that the District at our Center became the largest and most important in the entire country.

The Brooklyn Zionist Region, of which Rabbi Israel H. Levinthal was a former President, is the largest Region in the Zionist Organization.

Congratulations

Hearthiest congratulations and best wishes are extended to the following:

Mr. and Mrs. Max Ballas of 1023 President Street on the marriage of their son, Leonard P., to Miss Janice Lee Bamberger of Columbus, Ohio on June 28th.

Mr. Maurice Bernhardt, our First Vice President, and Mrs. Bernhardt of 139-04 Rockaway Beach Boulevard, Belle Harbor, L. I., on the marriage of their daughter Joyce J., to Mr. Alan Roger Siegel of Kings Point, L. I., at the Center on June 22nd.

Miss Harriet Bell of 2110 Newkirk Avenue and Mr. Elmer Riffman of 779 Liberty Avenue of our Young Folks League, on their marriage at the Center on June 28th.

Miss Mimi Teitelbaum of 100-11 — 67th Road, Forest Hills, L. I., on her marriage to Mr. Albert W. Surrey, at the Center on June 24th.

Tisha B'Ab Services

The services on Tisha B'Ab will be held on Monday evening, July 20th, at 8:30 o'clock and on Tuesday morning, July 21st, at 7 o'clock.

Daily Services

Morning services at 7 and 8 o'clock.

Mincha services at 8:20 p.m., followed by Maariv.

Sabbath Services

Friday evening services at 6:00 p.m.

Kindling of Candles at 8:11 p.m.

Sabbath services: Parsha "Pinhas" Numbers 25.10-30.1 — Jeremiah 1.1-2.3, will commence at 8:30 a.m.

Mincha services at 6:00 p.m.

Late Mincha services at 8:20 p.m.

Impressive Exercises for Hebrew School

IMPRESSIVE graduation exercises were held by the Hebrew and Sunday Schools on Sunday, June 14. Fifty-nine students were awarded diplomas by our high school and elementary school departments. In the Hebrew School 23 students received diplomas after completing a 6-year course. Thirteen 8th grade students were awarded diplomas in our 2-day-a-week (Sunday School) department. Sixteen boys who had continued their Hebrew education for at least 2 years beyond Bar Mitzvah were given Post Bar Mitzvah certificates. Five students completed the 2-year post graduate Hebrew course and two students were awarded certificates for completion of the Senior Group course of study.

Rabbi Israel H. Levinthal congratulated the graduates and invoked the traditional priestly blessing. He expressed the hope that all of our graduates would continue their Hebrew studies in a more advanced class. Mr. Frank Schaeffer, second vice-president of the Brooklyn Jewish Center, extended greetings in the name of the Board of Trustees. Mr. Julius Kushner, chairman of the Hebrew Education Committee, delivered a Hebrew address to the parents and graduates stressing the fact that the Hebrew language is a bridge between Israel and America and between our historic past and our future. Mrs. Beatrice Schaeffer, president of the Sisterhood, awarded the Sisterhood gift to the graduates; each boy received a copy of Hertz' "Book of Jewish Thoughts," and each girl received a copy of the Bible. Mrs. Sarah Epstein, president of the P.T.A., distributed the Hebrew and Sunday School awards. Dr. Benjamin Kreitman awarded certificates to the graduates of our high school division. Hebrew School diplomas were distributed by Mr. Leo Shpall, and Sunday School diplomas by Mrs. Ganya Spinrad. Cantor William Sauler sang two Hebrew solos.

The graduation included a performance of a cantata called "Tzedakah" by the graduates and members of the choral group under the direction of Mr. Naftali Frankel. This cantata told in narrative and in song of the Jewish ideals of charity, righteousness and justice. It spoke of the development in America and in

Israel of Jewish communities seeking to achieve these ideals. The audience responded with an ovation. Rabbi Lewittes announced with regret that Mr. Frankel, who had directed the cantata so brilliantly, would leave us at the end of the season in order to take up his duties with the Bureau of Jewish Education in Los Angeles, California. He expressed the appreciation of our school to Mr. Frankel for the fine musical program he had developed during the past two years.

Rabbi Lewittes announced that we were the recipients of two generous scholarships. Mr. Joseph Krasner and his family have donated \$100 scholarships for the next 10 years to enable needy students to continue their Jewish education. Mr. and Mrs. David Spiegel, in memory of the late Mr. Max Spiegel, have contributed a full scholarship for the coming year.

The following awards were announced: The Zvi and Paya Kushner Memorial award, presented by Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kushner, was awarded to Paul Kushner; the Leonard F. Horowitz award, presented by the Horowitz family, was awarded to Isaac Dressner; the Young Folks League Post Graduate Awards were given to Barbara Kaplan; Rachael Hecht and Sol Tanenzapf; the Lucy Greenberg Memorial medal, presented by Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Z. Levitt, was awarded to Rena Rosenbaum; the Rachmil award, presented by Mr. and Mrs. Hyman Rachmil, was presented to Augusta Scheiner; the Parent-Teachers Association gifts were awarded Phyllis Burstein and George Friedman; the Junior Congregation award was presented to Abigail Rabinowitz; the Faculty Award was presented to Deana Silberstein, with honorable mention to Susan Altman, Martin Nachimson, Jeanette Tanne and Sandra Wolf; the Sunday School awards were presented to Eita Freilich, Susan Ruth Balsam, with honorable mention to Ellen Nancy Rein, Linda Harriet Leichman and Madeline Ruth Yeker. The winners of the Sisterhood Essay Contest were Janet Epstein and Robert Moss.

The graduates are: Hebrew School: Susan Altman, Barry Beckerman, Phyllis

Burstein, Robert Dorr, Janet Epstein, Richard Feinman, George Friedman, Alan Goldenberg, David V. Goldstein, Arthur Kaplan, Robert Katz, David Levy, Robert Moss, Martin Nachimson, Allen Pinsky, Abigail Rabinowitz, David Resnick, Augusta Scheiner, Deana Silberstein, David Sklar, Sidney Tanenzapf, Jeanette Tanne and Sandra P. Wolf. Sunday School: Susan Ruth Balsam, Susan L. Douglas, Eita Freilich, Blanche H. Hemley, Marsha Katz, Roslyn Kornstein, Linda Harriet Leichman, Ellen Nancy Rein, Francine Gail Sakin, Ruth Ellen Schiff, Stephanie B. Yager, Madeline Ruth Yeker and Joan Zimmerman. Post Graduate: Charlotte Bank, Barbara Kaplan, Robert Rood, Sandra Rubenstein and Myrna Ziegler. Post Bar Mitzvah: Solomon Agin, Abraham Eisenberg, Bernard Goldstein, Steven Hurwitz, Paul Kushner, Henry Michelman, Manes Midlarsky, Marshall Richter, Robert Rood, Avram Rothstein, Seymour Siegel, David Spevack, Mitchell Streger, Sol Tanenzapf, Frederic Weinstein and Joseph Zelvin. The Senior Group: Jeanette Flamm and Rachel Hecht.

UNITED NEGRO COLLEGE FUND

An appeal has come to all the citizens of Brooklyn in behalf of the United Negro College Fund—which we heartily endorse. This fund helps to support the many Negro colleges throughout the country. We hope that our Center family will send in whatever contributions they can make. The fund is headed by leading citizens of all faiths in our borough. Checks should be made payable to the United Negro College Fund, Inc., and can be sent to or left at the Center office.

Perpetuate the Memory

of your

DEPARTED LOVED ONES

by ordering a

MEMORIAL TABLET

in the Center Synagogue

Tablets will be erected in time for the "Yizkor" services during the High Holy Days, if orders are received now.

Academy Commencement a Distinguished Event

OUR beloved Rabbi Israel H. Levinthal, advisor to the Center Academy, and representatives of the Academy, spoke at the Commencement Exercises on Wednesday morning, June 10th. More than three hundred guests filled the auditorium and the faculties of both the Hebrew and Secular departments of the Academy, the students, parents, relatives and friends all joined in this joyous event.

The Graduates were presented to Dr. Levinthal by Mr. Albert H. Braun, president of the Board of Trustees, which is the governing body of the Academy. The Rabbi then awarded the diplomas to the Graduates. Addresses were delivered by Rabbi Levinthal, Mr. Jesse J. Fine, Chairman of the Education Committee, Mr. Albert H. Braun, President of the Board of Trustees and Mrs. Anna S. Lesser, Director of the Academy.

Mr. Fine impressed the graduates with the importance of the well-coordinated program, both in Hebrew and English, and with the educational training which they have received at the Academy.

Mr. Braun pointed out that the Graduates surpassed all expectations intellectually and socially. He stressed the fact that the type of education the Academy provides is modern, progressive and liberal, and that it relates the child to his American environment and implants in him an understanding of Jewish life and customs.

Rabbi Levinthal, in his inimitable way, spoke of the work of the Center Academy. He said the twelve members in the graduating class reminded him of the ancient twelve tribes in Israel, and spoke of the Tribe of Judah which led all the tribes in their march towards the Promised Land. Judah, he observed, was chosen because that tribe symbolized idealism and the courage to strive for their ideals, and that that is what the world needs today.

The Graduates presented two plays—one in Hebrew and one in English, in accordance with the established tradition of the school. The Hebrew play traced the history and development of the present State of Israel. The English presentation consisted of a trio of sketches, two of which were an outgrowth of the Eighth Grade Social Studies Unit. The

first depicted a rehearsal for a United Nations' Day Show. The second highlighted Woodrow Wilson's futile struggle to make the United States a participant in the League of Nations and also depicted an appreciation of President Roosevelt's efforts for peace and unity. The finale was a musical farewell of the graduates to their classmates and to the remaining student body of the Center Academy. The performances were enthusiastically received by the large audience.

The plays were written, staged, designed and directed by the Graduates under the direction and supervision of Mr. Leo Shpall, Head of the Hebrew Department; Mr. Albert Slote, teacher of Grade VIII; Mr. David Weintraub, Music teacher; Mr. Louis Harris, Art teacher; and Mrs. Mildred Bressler, teacher of Grade IV, who was instructor in dancing.

To the graduates we say with the Prophets, "Happy shalt thou be and it shall be well with thee." To them and their parents go our congratulations and our best wishes.

DR. ELIAS RABINOWITZ HONORED

ON THURSDAY evening, June 4th, the Library Committee, under the chairmanship of Dr. Reuben Finkelstein, tendered a testimonial reception in honor of the 70th birthday of Dr. Elias Rabinowitz, Librarian of the Center. Greetings were extended by Dr. Moses Spatt, President of the Center, Rabbi Jacob S. Doner, Rabbi Manuel Saltzman, former Associate Rabbi of the Center and a close friend of Dr. and Mrs. Rabinowitz, Rabbi Mordecai H. Lewittes, Dr. Benjamin Kreitman, Dr. Israel H. Levinthal, who recalled the contribution of Dr. Rabinowitz to the development of the Center Library and his raising it to the distinction of being the largest Synagogue library in America, Mr. Julius Kushner, on behalf of the Hebrew Education Committee, and Mr. Leo Shpall on behalf of the Center Academy. Communications were read from Prof. Louis Finkelstein, Chancellor of the Jewish Theological Seminary, and Prof. Alexander Marx, Director of the Seminary Library, who lauded Dr. Rabinowitz's contributions to Jewish scholarship, particularly his critical edition of the *Midrash Hagadol* in *Leviticus*, published by the Jewish Theological Seminary. A congratulatory telegram from the Rabbinical Assembly, the Alumni Association of the Jewish Theological Seminary, of which Dr. Rabinowitz is one of its distinguished graduates, was also received.

Presentation on behalf of the Hebrew School P.T.A., the Sisterhood, the faculty of the Hebrew School and the general membership were made by Mrs. M. Robert Epstein, Mrs. Frank Schaeffer, Mr.

Samuel Edelheit, and Mr. Jack Sterman. Cantor William Sauler sang. The evening was concluded in a festive birthday atmosphere with a collation served by the ladies of the Sisterhood.

Tribute From the Jewish Theological Seminary

The Faculty of the Jewish Theological Seminary is very grateful that Dr. Rabinowitz, one of its alumni, has done so much to make available to this generation the learning of our tradition. Wherever there are Jewish scholars, his edition of the *Midrash Hagadol* on *Leviticus* is studied and used with great respect and thankfulness. Through his labor this portion of the greatest of all the Rabbinic works produced by our Yemeneh brethren has become available to men of learning everywhere, and since this work includes citations from many books that have been lost, it is of inestimable value. Even those who work in a very good library that possesses manuscripts of the *Midrash Hagadol* find Dr. Rabinowitz's edition extremely helpful. And most scholars have no access to such manuscripts. He is, a scholar who has benefited the world of Jewish scholarship.

All of us who are alumni of the Seminary cherish Dr. Rabinowitz's friendship and helpfulness. He has brought to his labors a dedication and selflessness which are intensely moving. On the occasion of this milestone in his life all of us join in praying for his continued health and welfare.

LOUIS FINKELSTEIN,
Chancellor, Jewish Theological Seminary.

JUNIOR LEAGUE ADVANCES

WITH June drawing to a close, we glance at the past year in retrospect and find the experience a pleasing one. We feel that the aim of the Junior League to provide a well-rounded program of social and cultural interests, both Jewish and American, has been realized.

In summary, the highlights of the year were social, religious and cultural. So-called, our monthly open meetings provided our members an opportunity to cement new friendships and to bring old friends down to meet the group. Some of our most successful socials were centered around the Thanksgiving, Succoth and Passover holidays. We attempted to make the Jewish Holidays a means of broadening the religious concepts of our members, and helping them to develop positive attitudes toward Judaism. Each holiday was celebrated appropriately with a timely discussion of its significance. Rabbi Kreitman, several guest speakers, as well as members of our own group participated in these programs.

Some excellent programs concerning the American Scene were also presented. We presented panel discussions on the national elections; other programs dealt with "Freedom of Inquiry" for college students, "Choosing a Career" for these times, "Brotherhood Week," etc. Many topics of American and Jewish cultural interest enriched our programs. Jewish Book Month was celebrated in proper fashion, as was Jewish Music Month. Films about Israel were shown; other films depicting the life of the Jews in North Africa, as well as many other lands, were also shown.

We know that there are still some Centert youths of college age who have not found out for themselves what an enjoyable experience Junior League can be. The remedy is a simple one. Let them come down to any of our Thursday Night meetings and see for themselves. They will find "it is goodly for brethren to dwell together in unity."

We are proud to announce that the Junior League of the Brooklyn Jewish Center was awarded "third prize" for the best individual programs presented during the 1952-53 season at the National Convention of the Young People's League

held over the Decoration Day week-end in Chicago.

JOSEPH H. AARON, *Adviser.*

Acknowledgment of Gifts

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of donations for the purchase of Prayer Books from the following:

Dr. and Mrs. David Kershner in honor of their son's Bar Mitzvah.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Nachimson in celebration of the Bar Mitzvah of their son.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Schwam on the occasion of their son's Bar Mitzvah.

To Members Planning Bar Mitzvahs

Members who are planning Bar Mitzvahs in the near future are requested to please reserve the date far in advance.

According to the rules of the Center, the boy whose Bar Mitzvah is booked first recites the maftir. In the event more than one Bar Mitzvah is scheduled for the same day, the other boys receive one of the other aliyahs and may read a passage from the Torah.

Applications

The following have applied for membership in the Brooklyn Jewish Center:

BUCHBINDER, SIDNEY

Res. 35 Crown St.
Bus. U. S. Gov't

Single

Proposed by Joseph H. Aaron,
Dr. Samuel T. Markoff

FRIED, AARON

Res. 853 Prospect Pl.
Bus. Dresses
Married

Proposed by Ruth Weissberger,
Jack Arkin

LIEBERMAN, MARVIN

Res. 550 Georgia Ave.
Bus. C.P.A., 7 E. 44th St.
Single

Proposed by Milton Reiner

STERN, MISS ROBERTA P.

Res. 186 E. 59th St.
Proposed by Sonia Sklar

WANTMAN, JACK

Res. 266 E. 58th St.
Bus. Fuel Oil
Married
Proposed by Harry Trieber,
Murray Bloom

MR. and MRS. CLUB

THE last meeting of the season for the Mr. and Mrs. Club proved to be one of the most successful of the season. The speaker for the evening was Mrs. Charlotte Levin Piuck, a psychiatrist, who had experience with private practice and who has worked with patients at the Kings County Hospital Clinic. She enumerated several fascinating case histories of disturbed children who, in each case, were the product of a broken home and disturbed parents. Dr. Piuck pointed out the fact that problem children are inevitably the result of problem parents. This meeting was exceedingly well attended and provided a glowing climax for a successful year.

Election of officers for the coming year were also held. The new officers are as follows: Arthur Safer, President—Herbert Kamlet, Vice President—Shirley Krauss, Secretary—Priscilla Sherer, Corresponding Secretary—Leonard Levine, Treasurer. The two former presidents of the group, Herbert Carr and Alvin Jeffer, were elected as Honorary Presidents.

The newly elected officers and the Executive Board of the Mr. and Mrs. Club extend their most cordial and sincerest wishes for a very healthy and happy summer.

Late Applications

FENICHEL, MISS FRANCES

Res. 147 So. Oxford St.

GOODMAN, NATHAN

Res. 451 Kingston Ave.
Bus. Men's Clothes, 84—5th Ave.
Married

Proposed by Emanuel M. Harrison,
Leo Kaufmann

MENDELSON, MRS. ADA

Res. 39 Lenox Road
Proposed by Mrs. Chas. H. Bellin

WOOLWICH, HIRSHMAN E.

Res. 81 Ocean Parkway
Bus. Woolens, 30 Rockefeller Plaza
Married
Proposed by Leo Kaufmann,
Phillip Brenner

FRANK SCHAEFFER,
Chairman, Membership Committee.

PAGING SISTERHOOD!

SARAH KLINGHOFFER, Editor

My heartfelt thanks are extended to all our officers and members who have contributed so much to the success of our Sisterhood this year. We may well be proud of our achievements. May we continue to work together in a spirit of harmony and cooperation and rededicate ourselves to our noble task.

As we adjourn for the summer months, I wish you all good health and a period of well-merited relaxation. I know we shall return in the fall with our accustomed fervor and enthusiasm for the season of activities ahead.

In the Pirke Avot it is written, "Who is rich? He who rejoices in his portion." We have all become spiritually enriched by our endeavors for Sisterhood. We can truly REJOICE in our portion.

BEATRICE SCHAEFFER, President.

Tribute to Mothers

With matriarchal stature and graciousness, our senior Honorary President, Mrs. Joseph Horowitz, delivered the invocation which introduced our Mother's Day program. Sisterhood paid homage to mothers everywhere with floral, lyric and dramatic embellishment. The formality of annual elections and pertinent Sisterhood announcements preceded the celebration of the day, whose decorative theme of soft pink loveliness and candlelight emphasized the love and reverence in which mothers are held.

In a ceremony honoring our own women of achievement, our President, Bea Schaeffer, pinned a floral manifestation of our admiration on each of the 13 Sisterhood members who are Presidents of Communal Organizations, delivering a beautiful *Misha Berach*, almost an *Aliyah*, as each one was called. Our Associate Rabbi, Dr. Kreitman, called our "Man of Distinction" by our President, then delivered a eulogy, showering praise upon mothers in general and Sisterhood women in particular. He said, "The centrality of the Ten Commandments makes honoring mother the most important one. . . .

God couldn't be everywhere (to quote parable), so he created mothers who would." Sarah Epstein presented a surprise gift of a Women's League President's pin to our President, stating that she had earned the right to wear this exquisite symbol for her indefatigable services in the interest of women's contribution to Conservative Jewry.

A dramatic tribute entitled "The Legacy" presented by our Sisterhood Players emphasized the rich Jewish heritage which our matriarchs have sought to perpetuate throughout the ages. A fine musical accompaniment by our Music Director, Sholom Secunda, highlighted the theme whose characters, "Miriam" (Mollie Markowe), "Orah" (Irene Schiff), "Torah" (Mary Beame), "Hannah" (Bea Sterman), "Everywoman" (Mary Kahn), and "Ruth" (Eve Garelik), spelled out the word "MOTHER," in a moving Women's League script adapted by Bea Schaeffer to suit our purpose. A "Juniors' Salute To Mothers," performed by Center children Nathan Kantor, Beryl Klinghoffer, Bianca Sauler, and the Leichman sisters, in a medley of song and dance variations, added lyric delight to the enjoyment of our program. The event closed with a lively social hour and appropriate refreshments served under the supervision of our charming and capable hostess, Jennie Levine and her efficient committee.

Cheer Fund Contributions

In honor of Mother's Day tributes to her—Mrs. Ruth Greenberg; In honor of son Arthur's Bar Mitzvah—Mrs. Israel Kaplan; In honor of their mother on Mother's Day—The Rachmil family; In honor of the birth of a grandchild—Mrs. Ethel Pashenz; In honor of her son's marriage—Mrs. Hattie Roth; In honor of the birth of a granddaughter—Mrs. Iona Taft; In honor of her twin sons' admission to L. I. Univ.—Mrs. Sadie Kurtzman; In honor of the Kushner Medal For Excellence awarded to her son Paul—Mrs. Sarah Kushner; In honor of Mrs. F. Schaeffer's re-election as President—Mesdames Alex Bernstein, Shirley Gluckstein; In honor of her son's graduation from Wesleyan Univ.—Mrs. F. Buchman; In

honor of receiving the Benjamin Hirsch Award—Mrs. Rose Bromberg; For her husband's recovery from illness—Mrs. Rose Katz; In memory of her mother-in-law—Mrs. Rose Davis; In memory of his wife—David Mickelbank.

Seminary—Jewish Museum Tour

On Wednesday, May 27th, about 30 members, under the direction of chairman, Sarah Klinghoffer, enjoyed a stimulating day at the Jewish Theological Seminary, where Anna Kleban, librarian, gave us a most informative description of the literary treasures housed in the Seminary library. A tour of the Seminary campus, classrooms and auditorium, with running comments by our guide, Mr. Cantley, on the growth, purposes and many departments of the institution, and lunch in the Student's cafeteria preceded our afternoon exploration of the Jewish Museum, where, among other valuable Jewish exhibits is an entire reproduction in miniature of modern Israel.

Junior Congregation Oneg Shabbat

The first joint Sabbath Service, Luncheon and all-day Conference of our Junior Congregation and Petach Tikvah, held on May 23rd at the Center, culminated in a *Havdallah* Service and Dance in the evening, making the day a spiritual, cultural and social success. Mesdames Epstein, Kushner and Schaeffer, on behalf of Sisterhood, arranged a beautiful luncheon, attended by our Rabbis and more than 200 youngsters whose Jewish thinking was keenly stimulated by the seminars and discussions held in several rooms. Mr. Julius Kushner, Chairman of the Hebrew Education Committee, deserves special commendation for his capable supervision and direction of this new venture.

Closing Meeting & Installation Exercises

Another banner year of Sisterhood achievement drew to a close on the evening of Wednesday, June 3rd, when our President, Bea Schaeffer, reviewed in glowing terms a magnificent record of service, action, spiritual and cultural efforts. Her report appears elsewhere in this issue. With a prayer for continued strength and success in our endeavors invoked by Rabbi Lewittes, and a brief but inspiring greeting from Rabbi Levinthal, the program was off to a good beginning, followed by the installation of

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS OF SISTERHOOD

Officers

MRS. FRANK SCHAEFFER
 MRS. M. ROBERT EPSTEIN
 MRS. JULIUS KUSHNER
 MRS. CARL A. KAHN
 MRS. JOSEPH LEVY, JR.
 MRS. IRA GLUCKSTEIN
 MRS. JAMES JACKMAN
 MRS. BENJAMIN MARKOWE
 MRS. EMANUEL DAVIS ..

President
Vice-President
Vice-President
Treasurer
Recording Secretary
Recording Secretary
Corresponding Secretary
Social Secretary

Board of Directors

Mrs. George Altman
 Mrs. Louis Bady
 Mrs. Abraham D. Beame
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 Mrs. Nathan Gareluk
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 Mrs. Tobias Glovinsky

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 Mrs. Arthur Granovsky
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 Mrs. Jacob L. Holtzman
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 Mrs. Saul Kabram
 Mrs. Israel Kaplan
 Mrs. Joseph Kasnetz
 Mrs. Samuel Katz
 Mrs. Leo Kaufmann
 Mrs. Mordecai Kimmel
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Mrs. Rose Meislin
 Mrs. Abram Meltzer
 Mrs. Lawrence Meyer
 Mrs. Morris Miller
 Mrs. Claire Mitrani
 Mrs. Kalman I. Ostow
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 Mrs. Samuel Stark
 Mrs. Jack Sternan
 Mrs. Max Taft
 Mrs. Bernard Weissberg
 Mrs. Isaac Wiener
 Mrs. Benjamin Wisner
 Mrs. Albert Witty
 Mrs. Fred Zimmerman
 Mrs. Abraham H. Zirn

Honorary Presidents

Mrs. Maurice Bernhardt
 Mrs. Philip Brenner
 Mrs. Joseph Horowitz

Mrs. Morton Klinghoffer
 Mrs. Max N. Koven

Mrs. Isador Lowenfeld
 Mrs. Albert A. Weinstein
 Mrs. Albert Witty

Honorary Directors

Mrs. Alex Bernstein
 Mrs. Samuel Greenblatt
 Mrs. David Halpern

Mrs. L. J. Levinson
 Mrs. Israel H. Levinthal
 Mrs. Hyman Rachmil

Mrs. Louis J. Roth
 Mrs. Samuel Rottenberg
 Mrs. Harris Salit

the newly-elected officers. Rabbi Kreitman, the installing officer, praised the women who were re-elected because of their fine service and reviewed for the new members of the Executive Board their obligations and duties. In vesting them with the power and the desire to

serve, Rabbi Kreitman welcomed the new members of the Board and prophesied that, with the combined efforts of this "Sanhedrin," as it were, Sisterhood could look forward to a year of accomplishment. A pleasant musical divertissement was provided by the Gotham Trio prior

to the showing of a color film of our May "Jewish Home Beautiful" pageant. Mrs. Sarah Epstein, Chairman of the evening, thanked all who participated and invited the membership to enjoy the refreshment and social hour.

Joseph Goldberg Memorial Forest

Sisterhood is planting a garden in the Joseph Goldberg Memorial Forest, and it is hoped that our members will purchase trees in his memory in great abundance. The following women have already planted trees: Mesdames Fannie Buchman, Alex Bernstein, Irene Pollock Ginsburg, Sarah Klinghoffer, Jennie Levine, Rose Meislin and Anne Weissberg. Call Sarah Klinghoffer, chairman, SL 6-8252, or co-chairman Lil Lowenfeld, SL 6-9865, or stop at the Center desk. *Buy Trees Now.*

Executive Board Luncheon

A festive luncheon on Monday, June 8th, combined with a busy Board meeting, was enjoyed by about 60 of our Board members. Guests present were Dr. Kreitman, "honorary member" of Sisterhood, Harold Hammer, Administrative Director, and his wife, Cantor William Sauler, whose lively renditions of popular Israeli tunes evoked enthusiastic responses from the members and Dr. Elias Rabino-witz, who recently celebrated his 70th birthday with his wife. A business meeting followed.

Women in the News

Congratulations to Mildred Levine upon her re-election as President of Brooklyn Region to Hadassah; Mabel Berman upon her re-election as President of Parkway chapter of Hadassah; Rosalind Bady upon her re-election as President of Aviva chapter of Hadassah; Ernestine Goldstein upon her re-election as President of Sharonite chapter of Hadassah; Sarah Epstein upon her re-election as President of the Hebrew School PTA; Sarah Kushner upon her re-election as President of United PTA, Hebrew School of New York City; and Peggy Sonnenberg upon her re-election as President of the Center Academy PTA.

Calendar of Events

Monday, September 14—Executive Board meeting, 1:00 p.m.

Monday, September 28—Opening General meeting, 8:30 p.m. Watch for program details.

A Happy Vacation To All Members From Their Editor.

REPORT ON SISTERHOOD FOR 1953

By BEATRICE SCHAEFFER, President

The following is the 1953 report on the Sisterhood activities, delivered by Mrs. Beatrice Schaeffer to the membership of the Sisterhood.

IT IS good procedure to take inventory —to evaluate the past and the present, to look forward to the future. This report, therefore, will be in the nature of quick flash-backs on the year's work.

First, if I were gifted with a singing voice I would sing a hymn of praise and thanksgiving for my gratitude to all the wonderful women who have rendered service far and beyond the call of duty during the year.

Our two major functions were exceptionally well-attended. Our Mother-Daughter Luncheon and Fashion Show held in October marked the 16th anniversary of this traditional event, reuniting mothers and daughters in a joyous *simcha*, and the fashions displayed by Martins were as attractive as ever. Mrs. Sarah Kushner, one of our Vice Presidents, was our charming chairlady. It was our Sweet Sixteen Party and the auditorium was a veritable bower of pink for this special occasion. The event was a huge social and financial success, due entirely to Mrs. Kushner and her equally efficient co-chairmen, Mrs. Mary Beame and Mrs. Jean Kramer.

Our Torah Fund Luncheon, held in March, was again outstandingly successful, and we are grateful to the chairman of this event, Mrs. Dubbie Jackman. Dubbie worked long and arduously, together with her two co-chairmen, Jeanette Kasnetz and Sadie Kaufmann; to make this function one that will linger long in our memories. To Mrs. Mollie Markowe, who headed the Chai Club, go our special thanks for being instrumental in augmenting the number of members of this club, each of whom donated \$18 or over toward the Torah Fund. It is cause for rejoicing, too, that this year, for the first time, we reached our quota of \$1800 for this project.

Our programs have consistently been on a high cultural level, stressing the spiritual aspects of our heritage, and we can truly take pride in them. Sisterhood has

won renown and praise throughout the country for its splendid presentations, which other groups seek to emulate. Our three vice presidents, Sarah Epstein, Mary Kahn and Sarah Kushner, and one of our former presidents, Sarah Klinghoffer, served as chairmen of many of these programs, but this year we are happy to add to our Program Committee, Mrs. Shirley Gluckstein, Chairman of Social Actions, and Mrs. Edith Sauler, the charming wife of our Cantor. They are all gifted women, and I take pride and pleasure in my association with them.

Our Institute Day Program this year drew a larger attendance than ever before. It had for its theme the subject, "Judaism Speaks Through the Professions." We are particularly grateful to Rabbi Kreitman, who served as moderator of the symposium, and to Mary Kahn and Sarah Epstein, who were chairmen for this all-day session, as well as to all the participants in the program. I was presented with an orchid corsage that day, but it should really have been bestowed upon our Hostess Chairman, Jennie Levine, for it was she, together with her Hostess Committee, who served luncheon to over 400 women. Our sincere thanks are extended to her and to all the wonderful women on her committee.

At long last, at our March meeting, we had the opportunity to hear Mr. Harry Blickstein, Secretary of our Center, who delivered a profound and provocative paper on "Judaism's Contribution to Education." His address elicited keen interest and applause from all present, and I am glad to report that, by popular demand, it will soon appear in a forthcoming issue of the Center Review.

The Jewish Home Beautiful Pageant, with its festive, gleaming tables portraying all the major holidays of the year, was beautiful to behold, and our grateful thanks are extended to the many women who worked so long and lovingly to make it so. The performance was enhanced by the singing of Cantor Sauler, Miss Ruth Koslovsky and the Center Choral Ensemble, under the direction of Mr. Sholom Secunda, and by the Cen-

ter Youth Dance Group, directed by Mrs. Evelyn Zusman. Our four narrators, Mesdames Epstein, Klinghoffer, Kushner and Sauler, enriched the production further by their stirring descriptions of the various holidays. Our sincere thanks go to Mary Kahn, chairman of the evening, and to Sarah Klinghoffer, who edited the script taken from the book, "The Jewish Home Beautiful."

Our Mothers' Day Tea was in the nature of a tribute to all the mothers of our Sisterhood, but we honored ourselves by honoring particularly twelve of our members who are presidents of other organizations, and Mrs. Rose Horowitz, the Matriarch of our Sisterhood, and it was our privilege to pay homage to our own Women of Achievement.

We have presented several plays during this year, all beautifully enacted by that talented group of women, the Sisterhood Players. These plays were not chosen for their entertainment value alone, but because they presented a message synonymous with the particular holidays they represented.

In October, to commemorate a United Nations anniversary, we had a Social Actions presentation, with an original script in verse by Shirley Gluckstein, Social Actions Chairman.

Before Passover, we presented the play, "The Cup of Elijah," depicting the significance of Passover, and we realized the impact of the play really took root when we heard so many women say, "Now we'll have our Seders at home, instead of going away for Pesach." In May, at our Mothers' Day Tea, we had a charming playlet, "The Legacy," in tribute to mothers.

We are privileged each year, to occupy the pulpit of our Synagogue at a late Friday Night Service. The symposium this year dealt with the intriguing subject, "The Role of the Jewish Woman in Jewish History." This theme was developed by Mrs. Ann Boukstein, Mrs. Therese Farber and Mrs. Bess Gribetz, all of whom delivered brilliant and erudite papers. The responsive readings were inspiring given by Mrs. Lilian Dvorkin, Mrs. Dubbie Jackman, Mrs.

Sadie Kaufmann and Mrs. Bea Sterman. It was a rare spiritual evening for the congregation and participants alike, and we were pleased that Rabbi Levinthal expressed enthusiasm and praise. We are particularly grateful to Rabbi Kreitman for his kind cooperation in the services.

The Membership Tea, given in February for newly affiliated members of Sisterhood, was arranged by Mary Kahn, our Membership Chairman, and Mabel Berman was our gracious hostess.

Rabbi Levinthal said quite recently that our synagogue is a power-house from which emanates the various campaigns for so many philanthropic causes, and I am proud that our Sisterhood has played an important role in all these campaigns. They have been spearheaded by devoted and loyal women, and it is my privilege to signal out for special honor and recognition:

Mrs. Dorothy Gottlieb, Chairman of Federation for Support of Jewish Philanthropies. Through her determined efforts, and with the cooperation of Mrs. Cele Benjamin, Chairman of Special Gifts, approximately \$6,000 was raised for Federation.

Mrs. Mollie Meyer, Chairman of Special Gifts for U.J.A., Mrs. Sadie Kurtzman, our overall chairman, Mrs. Claire Mitrani, her co-chairman, and Mrs. Lillian Lowenfeld, one of our former presidents, who is also co-chairman for the Brooklyn Division of U.J.A. Over \$15,000 has been collected to date through their efforts, and the work is still going on.

Mrs. Ann Weisberg, Chairman of the Israel Bond Drive, for her patience and persistence in increasing the sale of Bonds.

★

There is a strong bond of friendship between our Sisterhood and the PTA. This year we have sponsored a Community breakfast for the pupils of the post-Bar Mitzvah and Post-Graduate classes and their parents; we have given a Hebrew School scholarship and awarded prizes to the two winners of the essay contest given in connection with our Torah Fund luncheon; we have continued the fine tradition of presenting Bibles to all the Bar Mitzvahs of our Cen-

ter, as well as appropriate books to the graduates of the Consecration classes and Hebrew School graduates.

There is also a firm bond between our Sisterhood and the Junior Congregation of our Center. We were one of a group of sponsors for a Luncheon and Oneg Shabbat held recently by the boys and girls of our Junior Congregation and of Petach Tikvah; earlier in the season we subsidized three members of the Junior Congregation to a Youth Activities Convention, and we sponsored the Baccalaureate Kiddush for all graduates of all the schools of our Center.

★

Our Sisterhood has taken a leading role in all the activities of the Women's League of the United Synagogue, our parent organization. Many of our officers hold positions of importance in the National as well as the Metropolitan and Brooklyn Branches of Women's League. This year five of our members were delegates to the Biennial Convention of National Women's League in Philadelphia. Later in the season our Sisterhood participated in a course in Public Speaking and Leadership given under the auspices of the Brooklyn Division.

★

Through our affiliation with the Federation of Jewish Women's Organizations, we have continued our activities in the Serve-A-Camp-Committee, headed by Shirley Gluckstein, which provides useful articles for the wounded soldiers at the Veterans Hospital at Ft. Hamilton Parkway and for our boys overseas.

★

I know that you will share the pride I have felt when I tell you that, despite our limited funds, we have made generous donations to over 60 organizations, both here and in Israel, that appealed to us for aid.

★

Our Sisterhood women are alert, well informed, intelligent women, keenly interested in world affairs. Through our Social Actions Chairman, Shirley Gluckstein, we have sent many resolutions and letters to our Congressmen, urging them to take prompt action on important legislation. Just recently, under the guidance of Mrs. Bess Gribetz, co-chairman

of Social Actions, we arranged for two trips to the United Nations and large groups of enthusiastic women toured the buildings and attended the sessions. Our thanks go to Mrs. Gluckstein & Mrs. Gribetz for all their fine endeavors.

★

I shall conclude this report by offering heartfelt thanks and paens of praise to the following women:

Mrs. Fanny Buchman, for her chairmanship of the Kiddush Committee.

Mrs. Rose Bromberg, Chairman of the Publications Committee and to Mrs. Irene Schiff, who substituted briefly for her.

Mrs. Amelia Rachmil, Chairman of the Condolence and Visitation Committee.

Mrs. Sarah Klinghoffer, for the excellent "Sisterhood Page" in our Center Review.

Mrs. Jennie Levine, our Hostess Chairman, Sarah Greenberg, Hershey Kaplan, Sadie Kaufmann, Sadie Kurtzman, and all the women who cooperated so faithfully in hostessing our meetings.

Hannah Stark, chairman of our Jewish Blind Day Committee.

Mrs. Sadie Kaufmann and Mrs. Dorothy Miller, our emissaries of goodwill.

Mrs. Claire Mitrani, our Chairman of Nominations, and to her committee.

Mrs. Gertrude Ostow, Chairman for the Night of Stars, to Mrs. Sarah Epstein, Chairman of our Theatre Party, and to Mrs. Dorothy Wisner, Chairman for Music Under the Stars.

Mrs. Mollie Meyer, our Chairman for the Red Cross.

Mrs. Rose Davis, Chairman of our Cheer Fund.

Judge E. Greenberg, former President of our Center, and our new president, Dr. Moses Spatt, as well as to the entire Board of Trustees.

In citing for special commendation all those who have been so helpful to us, I must again pay tribute to the memory of the late Joseph Goldberg, who was Administrative Director of our Center. He was more than an adviser and counselor to us; he was our personal friend —aiding us in all our projects, guiding us in all our activities and encouraging us on to even greater attainments. We loved him dearly. May his memory ever be for a blessing.

A YOUNG MAN COMES OF AGE

(Continued from page 10)

When are we going to get everything done now? Who is going to answer the telephone, rearrange the table settings, keep the cook from packing up, borrow cots for last minute guests who must sleep over . . .

We submit in a daze to the doctor's cheerful admonition: "If you don't stay in bed for a few days you'll come down with pneumonia and who will take care of you then?"

Penicillin, terramycin, and the dog for company. He sleeps in the corner, near the door, with a watchful eye on us, suspecting something has gone miserably wrong for us to be in bed while everyone else is so busy. We sleep endlessly.

And then, miraculously, we wake up singing the next morning. All through that day and the next and the next, which is Thursday, we stay normal—at least the thermometer says so. The doctor permits us to get out of bed on Thursday—if we take things easy. We come to the family breakfast gay and lighthearted. The family breakfast table is a bridge table in the foyer. The cook is in the kitchen. She greets us gloomily.

"For shame—you go to bed to rest, Missus," she says.

Our Beloved Husband cautions us. "Keep out of her way, and for goodness sake, take it easy." We promise, faithfully.

The older son takes our hand. "Ma, don't go out into the street. If you need anything I'll shop for you when I come home from school. Promise you won't go out?"

To him we make no promise. We are going out. We are going out to hear the younger son rehearse the reading of his sedra in the Beth Hamedresh sometime in the late afternoon.

The younger son comes in from school and has no time for cookies and milk. Before he leaves he calls to us from downstairs, holding the door wide open and letting in the cold, damp, December chill. "I'm going to the schule. Don't you dare come!"

We do dare come. Unknown to him we sit in the darkness of the very last bench and feel the years of our girlhood fade away. And then, unknown to him, we hurry home, to change into a house-

coat as we were before, so that he will not suspect.

After supper we rest on our bed to show the family we are careful to be good. But it is as if we were torn into many parts, and each part of us is with another one of them. We are in the library with the older son, typing out his term paper, and we are with the Wise One, Our Beloved Husband, who is smoking in the den, adding up the expenses he had not counted on, and we are with the younger son, striking notes idly at the piano.

We go into the living room. The younger son looks up the moment we come in at the door. We are aware that there is a change in him. We stand and stare. He comes and puts his arm

around us. We can find no words to say. We say nothing.

He wants something. He raises his head and says, "That Beth Hamedresh, Mom. Some place!" And then, "I never knew it was so easy to read from the real Torah." His look is no longer questioning the way it used to be. He is deeply excited, but yet calm, confident. This is the change in him.

As naturally as he boasts about winning a basketball game, he says, "I'm real good at it, Mom."

We wince as he puts his hand on our shoulder and makes us bend over, but only a little. He is almost as tall as we are. He kisses us lightly, on the cheek. We have a wild desire to hug him. We remember we are only his mother and remain sweet and calm. We understand this is his profound way of saying thanks. The younger son is grown up. And so are we. We haven't any babies anymore.

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A NEW ISRAEL

(Continued from page 12)

est interest were the children. Invariably, they were robust, happy, clean and well-cared for. When we visited Arab-occupied towns like Nazareth and Acre, the contrasts were apparent.

Since everything closes tight from Friday noon till Saturday night, we decided to spend that period visiting friends and relatives. We went to Bat Yam, to Cholon, to Rehovoth, and Givatayim. Don't let anyone get you to promise to visit relatives who live "near Tel Aviv." All these places are inaccessible to each other and are reached only by going back to Tel Aviv each time.

Monday morning we left by *sherute* for Jerusalem. The road wound through desert reclaimed laboriously through the planting of trees. Here is where Rose said, "If I could only show my Hadassah members what the dollar and a half for trees does!" (She's the JNF chairman for her Hadassah.)

The Jordan mountains were in the distance and soon the road began to climb steeply. But it was fairly wide and well-paved, and although there were trucks and buses, I never felt as uneasy as when we were climbing the zigzag routes leading to the tops of the Galil hills. From the bus station we took a bus to the King David Hotel, which seemed to be about the finest in the East, comparing favorably with the Imperial in New Delhi or

the Manila Hotel. It was odd to hear the telephone operator say, "Hello, Melech Dovid." On a street near the hotel I deciphered a Hebrew sign over a store reading "Thomas Cook *i vuno*" and a little tank cart in Haifa, drawn by a donkey bore a big red sign in Hebrew, "Mohile Kerosene—Flying Horsepower."

In Beersheba we saw the wonders of desert reclamation. The desert had been pushed back and there were grassy lawns, trees to hold the soil together, and water mains for irrigation. The aggressive young red-haired secretary told us how

he and his wife had been among the earliest fighters who drove out the Egyptians and then settled. They were not giving up what they fought for and were not afraid of desert, nature, or the Egyptian armies. We could now see how handfuls of indomitable fighters were able to lick entire Arab armies. Their bravery and superhuman efforts were incredible. How can anyone hear and see without experiencing a glow of pride that these are our people.

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